

THE TREASURE TOWER.

A STORY OF MALTA.

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CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

He laughed as he accepted his cup of tea.

"Perhaps Harry would not be too hard on me if I overstaid my leave, forgetting the lapse of time in such charming society as an unlucky sailor always sure to find in your house, Maud."

Mrs. Griffith sowed a tiny seed, destined to bear later fruit, in her reply, as she selected a sandwich for her young kinsman with her own fair hands.

"I fancy Harry would not be too hard on you if you disobeyed orders together."

The Harry in question, otherwise Captain the Hon. Henry Montagu Fitzwilliam, C. B., in command of H. M. S. Sparrow, was a veteran officer of dignified, not to say severe, mien; an inflexible disciplinarian, who made the lives of midshipmen and subalterns a burthen by reason of a vigilance deemed little short of galling tyranny and oppression.

Lieut. Curzon found transition of mood and surroundings alike soothing and agreeable. The idyl of youth and beauty in rags was dispelled by the presence of Mrs. Griffith and Miss Ethel Symthe, who bestowed upon the deeply appreciative sailor all those graceful and delicate attentions where-with wily sirens on land win the hearts of the followers of the sea. He was hot, a little tired and vexed, with all a young man's sense of amour propre, that he had clumsily broken a cup on entering the room. The eye of that son of Mars, Captain Blake, was still upon him, with an undefinable mockery, as of one who had scored a point in the social game to the discomfort of a rival branch of the service. Mrs. Griffith had never been more sympathetic in cordiality of welcome. Miss Ethel Symthe, with her calm, fair face, and erect figure, was pleasant to contemplate. The softly modulated encouragement of their words and smiles pervaded his senses like a subtle perfume, even as the silken folds of their yellow tea-gowns, all creamy lace and knots of ribbon, brushed his arm. He had regained his own sphere once more after that country ramble, which should have been too trivial to leave even a surface impression on his mind.

It is in such moments of extreme reaction from the unforeseen that men of impulsive temperament cast anchor in the home haven and become sedate husbands.

Mrs. Griffith, as the wife of a military man of high rank, was the power behind the throne in the places where the general was stationed. The tact and amiability of her personal influence were perceptible at Gibraltar, Cyprus, and in India alike. She was *avice* the Donna Pia of the miniature court of Urbino, organizing the festivities, adjusting all petty differences, giving zest and piquancy to gaiety. Her acquaintances ranged over more than half of the civilized world.

Removed to a new station, the lady invariably adapted her tea room to the requirements of a large circle, as an Arab adjusts his tent. Hence, in the palace of the Knights Templar at Malta, the low chamber opening on a court had a design of bamboo across the ceiling; the walls were wainscoted with panels of cedar, palm and red pine; and the floor covered with delicate matting. Vases filled with chrysanthemums; old screens of six panels, quaintly painted and heavily gilded; and divans covered with draperies wadded with silk, imparted, with the fragrant woods used in decoration, a pervading hue of rich brown.



"THIS IS MY FRIEND MISS SYMTHE."

to the room. In one corner was a curious household shrine dedicated to Buddha, with a brass lamp suspended before it, and a shelf, with a circular mirror and tiny trays for offerings of flowers, rice, and incense.

On the present occasion, Miss Symthe had insisted on kindling a stick of incense in a tiny brazier before the god, with a mischievous glance at an elderly clergyman with a weak chest.

Arthur Curzon, soothed by these feminine flatteries, asked himself what scheme his cousin might be maturing in her brain, on his own behalf, with a sentiment of awakening curiosity, as his glance followed the movements of the stout and handsome matron with the smooth black hair, clear complexion, and tranquil gray eyes. Mrs. Griffith was an inveterate matchmaker. No doubt she had a bride ready for him. Who, then? Miss Ethel Symthe, of course. Did he not know feminine tactics?

The young man was expansive in responsive greetings to the Ancient Mariner, otherwise Capt. John Fillingham, on the retired list, whose reminiscences extended over forty years of active service, chiefly in wooden ships; wars; the suppression of the African slave trade; or cruising off the Mosquito coast. He had shared the fresh impressions of life of midshipmen with Arthur Curzon's father, the admiral of many engagements.

A kindly old gentleman, warming rheumatic limbs in the winter sunshine of the Mediterranean shore, and with a countenance like the battered figure-head of a ship, the Ancient Mariner scanned the new-comer through his gold-rimmed spectacles, and remarked to Miss Symthe, sotto voce: "A fine lad, and he will prove an exceedingly clever man, if I am not much mistaken. A chip of the old block, as well. They are called the mad Curzons, you know. His father, Admiral Jack, fell in love with such a pretty girl, but without a penny. She was a nursery governess, or something of that sort. He saw her crossing a thoroughfare near his club on a foggy morning. She had neatly turned ankles. Dear me! it seems but yesterday! I was best man at the wedding. We were middies together."

"Fancy!" murmured Miss Symthe, and a slight glow of animation warmed her cheek.

"These young fellows are pampered nowadays," continued Capt. Fillingham. "In my time, we had to put up with salt horse and weevily biscuit, without too much complaint. The uncle, Archibald, if I am not in error—"



"John, dear, have another slice of bread and butter," interposed Mrs. Fillingham, a brisk matron, still proud of her dumpling form as revealed to advantage in a Paris robe.

The Ancient Mariner frowned, with an expression of affronted dignity. He was fond of unraveling the thread of reminiscences of dates, places, and people, when he found a congenial listener.

Mrs. Griffith gave the Lieutenant a gilded bonbonniere, with the admonition: "Ethel is very fond of chocolate."

The officer started from his reveries, and presented the box to the young lady. As he did so, the heavy medal fell from his pocket and rolled on the floor. He recovered it hastily.

"What treasure have you there?" inquired Miss Symthe, who possessed an unusually sharp pair of blue eyes.

"A Greco-Phoenician medallion," was the careless rejoinder.

"Where did you find it?" questioned Capt. Fillingham, with interest aroused.

"I bought it," said Lieut. Curzon, and paused abruptly.

"Dear me! You got it of a native, I suppose?" pursued the old gentleman.

"No. Mr. Jacob Deatly sold it to me over yonder."

Capt. Blake laughed in a cynical fashion. "Has Jacob Deatly any pretty daughters?" he inquired.

"No," said Arthur Curzon, with superfluous courtesy.

"Surely he has a granddaughter," insisted Capt. Blake, playfully.

The hot blood mounted to the brow of the sailor. "How did you know?" he demanded haughtily.

Capt. Blake slightly elevated his eyebrows, drained his teacup and replaced it on the tray.

"Jacob Deatly," repeated the Ancient Mariner, in a musing tone.

"Where have I heard that name? There was a Capt. Frederick Deatly on the west coast when I was first lieutenant on the Coquette. I fancy the commander was a Deatly, who got himself into a mess about the stranding of the Wasp at Salamis. Do you remember—"

"John, dear, some more tea will do you good," said Mrs. Fillingham, who spoke with a hasty and an authoritative lip.

The Ancient Mariner glanced defiantly at his helpmate, while consenting to a judicious replenishment of his cup, and fixed Lieut. Curzon with his glittering eye.

"And now I have it!" he pursued, ignoring feminine interruption. "Jacob Deatly was the name of the merchant, or trader, at Jamaica, who disappeared so mysteriously after learning of the marriage of his only son in pain. I was in the West Indian water at the time, in command of the Yellre. We gave a ball to the ladies in the harbor of Kingston on the very night. Next day the whole affair was told. The trader was supposed to be well off, and he had disappeared without leaving a trace. Ensign White told me afterward about the son's return the following year with his Spanish wife, and his search for the missing parent. He hinted at foul play and robbery. There was something wrong. Stop a bit, though! Was the name Deatly or Brown?"

Capt. Blake laughed again in mirthless, jarring, little laugh.

CHAPTER IV.

ST. PAUL'S BAY.



RS. GRIFFITH invited her friends to a picnic at St. Paul's bay in the ensuing day.

The weather was fine, and the spirits of the party in harmony with the exhilarating tones of their surroundings. On one side the island, barren and arid, basked the pervading radiance of golden sunshine, and the shadow of passing clouds in orange and purple tints on ridge and hollow, vivid, yet delicate and evanescent. On the other the limpid waves of the bay rippled gently on the strand, and the blue sea spread beyond rock and inlet to the limit of a transparent and luminous horizon. Everywhere was the permeating effulgence of a southern light and color, dazzling to the eye and steeping the senses in a soft languor of indolence. The warm breeze mingled with the perfume of flowers in adjacent gardens. Occasionally a bird, winged its flight across the zenith. Little craft steered into the bay as the storm-beaten vessel of the apostle is reputed, by tradition, to have once sought refuge here.

The clergyman with a weak chest listened to the ruminating conjectures of the Ancient Mariner as to the much-disputed voyage of St. Paul, and whether the island visited had been Melida, Melita, or Malta, while the ladies manifested a half-fearful interest in the viper, and the possibility of descendants of the reptile lingering on the spot. Mrs. Griffith, handsome and suave, in her maize-colored draperies, appealed to her nautical cousin, Arthur Curzon, as to whether or not the wind Euroclydon was the northeast current which wafted hither the apostle of the gentiles.

"Very possibly," assented the young man, with indifference; for Miss Symthe was in the act of transferring a rosebud from her belt to his button-hole at the moment.

"Tradition is a bore, don't you think?" added Captain Blake, as the young lady bestowed a similar gift on him.

"Not at all," she rejoined, in a tone of reproof. "All about St. Paul's bay is most interesting."

Here the clergyman opened a Testament, which he carried in lieu of a guide-book, and read aloud several passages in the Acts. Capt. Fillingham became inspired with a kindling enthusiasm of conviction.

"I believe we are standing on the very spot where St. Paul landed," he affirmed, with a sweeping gesture of his right arm, which included sea and shore. "The violent wind had beaten the little chalong about until the sailors were in despair, and all the cargo had been thrown overboard to lighten the vessel. Only the prisoner Paul, who must live to see Rome, was sustained by unwavering courage, and strove to reanimate the failing spirits of his companions. A man among men, in storm and darkness!"

"Paul was upheld by faith," interpolated the clergyman.

"On the fourteenth night after quitting Crete, Paul counseled all of his companions to eat bread, and strengthen themselves, and in the morning they sighted land, when the ship was driven into this bay by the tempest with such fury that the prow was buried in the sand, the waves washed over the poop, and the whole craft was broken up. Am I right?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

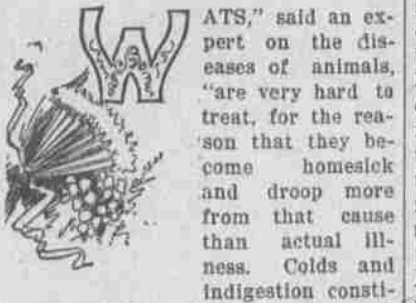
Jewelry in a Grave.

The largest amount of jewelry known to be in a single grave was buried in Greenwood cemetery several years ago. The undertaker who had charge of the funeral protested against it, but was severely rebuffed for his interference. The family had its way, and in that grave is buried fully \$5,000 worth of diamonds, with which the body was decked when prepared for burial. Sometimes families who desire to bury their dead in the clothing worn in life—in evening or wedding dresses, for instance—substitute less costly imitations for the jewelry worn in life, partly from motives of thrift and partly from a superstitious fear that anything taken off a body when it is ready for the tomb will bring ill luck to future wearers.

ILLS OF ANIMALS.

THEY HAVE PHYSICIANS WHEN THEY ARE SICK.

Cats, Dogs and the Noble Horse—How They Act When Under the Doctor's Care—Some Instruments That Are Used—Giving Medicine.



ATS," said an expert on the diseases of animals, "are very hard to treat, for the reason that they become homesick and droop more from that cause than actual illness. Colds and indigestion constitute four-fifths of feline troubles; and if a cat is given chloroform it never rallies. Rabbits take cold very easily, and have little stamina to resist disease. Pigeons are brought to me sometimes for sore feet, from treading on sharp or pointed substances; or, like chickens, they sometimes get the pip, which is but another form of indigestion. You treat them by putting the medicine in their food. If the roosts are kept comparatively free from vermin there will be less disease among the feathered pets."

"How do you diagnose cases?" I asked.

"Much the same as in human beings; listen to the breathing. If a dog or a horse has pneumonia, which is as prevalent among them as with us, it will have all the symptoms of a human being; labored breathing, coughing, and the various signs by which we know exactly where the trouble lies."

"Do they make irritable patients?" I queried.

"Not as a rule," he replied. "They realize that you are trying to help them, and if you go to them, and speak kindly and pat them a few times, you gain their confidence and can readily manage them. A dog does not get as homesick as a cat, for he will play with other dogs as soon as he begins to improve. This is one of the most useful of our instruments," he continued, taking from the case a pair of blunt scissors, curved at the end very like the nail scissors used by manicures. "That is to take a bone from the throat. You hold the dog's mouth well open, and the instrument reaches down into the larynx; then you can easily loosen it and remove it. We have many cases where a dog is brought almost choking to death, and a very few moments suffice to relieve him."

"Do dogs really suffer with tooth-ache?" I asked.

"Very frequently. For that reason we always examine the mouth first. A dog will submit very patiently to having a tooth drawn; it is the only remedy." Continuing, he called a silky little Skye terrier, and, opening its mouth, he showed me, on the outer gum on the right side, a kind of little sack, or perhaps it might be called a fold of flesh; but it looked like a little pocket in the gum. Into this the medicine is put, and the mouth held tightly closed until Mr. Doggie has swallowed the noxious dose.

"These poor creatures have rheumatism, and all the diseases of the eye and ear even that humanity is heir to, and the purer the breed and the more delicately they are reared the wider becomes the range of these troubles. At times they become the victims of chorea, which corresponds with our fashionable nervous prostration. There are dogs that become absolutely dyspeptic wrecks, with colic, cramps, and all the varieties of indigestion."

"Now, tell me about horses," I said. "Can you set their broken bones?"

"Very rarely," he answered. "If a horse meets with an accident of that kind it is more humane to kill him at once; and many people, if they love a dog or a horse, prefer to have us kill it with anaesthetics. If a horse could be suspended long enough for the bones to knit together, recovery might be successfully accomplished; but a horse has very little vitality in proportion to its size, and would not live under the heroic treatment necessary. If he did it would leave a lump or blemish that would detract materially from its value. With a horse, as with a dog, we first examine the mouth. When an animal refuses its food it brings on indigestion and attendant ills. A horse's teeth often become very sharp and cut the tongue when masticating. He then swallows his food whole, which, as we say, of course, does not digest. When we find this to be the trouble we file the teeth." He took from the case an instrument about eighteen inches long, having on one end a file about an inch wide and about three inches long, which, he said, was used for that operation.

Then he explained another instrument, with a handle like a corkscrew, only instead of the spiral screw it had a round, open knife about three-fourths of an inch in diameter. "This," he explained, "is used when a horse has had a fall, and a portion of the bone leading from the eye to the nose is indented. We take this, and by a quick blow cut a hole through the lower section of the bone. Into this orifice we insert a probe, and gently raise the injured part into position; then the piece cut out is reinserted. In a week or ten days it is reknit and the horse is as good as ever."

"How do you give them medicine?"

"We fix it into what we call a bolus. It is cone shaped, about three inches long and round in proportion. We open the horse's mouth and put the bolus deep into the throat. You must be sure that he swallows it, for if he gets the chaner [?] will eject it."—Washington Star.

WHY DON'T IT WOBBLE?

The Earth's Balance Must Have Changed Since Columbus.

A New England scientist says there's going to be dickens to pay if the rest of the United States continues to cart away granite and marble from the land of the Pilgrims and Puritans. "It is not unlikely," says he, "that the equilibrium of the earth is already considerably disturbed, and that we shall shortly feel a pronounced wobble. Of course, if there is to be a wobble anywhere we would prefer it in New England, but perhaps the outlook is not so desperate as at first glimpse. The summer rush of people to the White mountains, Bar Harbor, Newport, and a thousand other New England summer resorts must in a very great degree restore the weight which existed before there were quarries in New England. And there is another thing. It is computed that there were in the Western hemisphere, when Columbus set foot on it, not more than 1,000,000 human beings. There are now, at a very low estimate, 101,000,000. These 100,000,000 of additional persons have increased the weight of the western hemisphere some 5,000,000 of tons, in the roundest of round numbers. Surely there is an opportunity for a wobble in this state of affairs, and we ought to be conscious of it by this time. If there has been no wobble an explanation should be demanded. Some men of science should rise to tell us why we don't wobble. Nothing is more dreadful, says the Buffalo Courier, than the uncertainty when and where the commotion will begin. Probably only those who are holding to the car straps at the time will keep their feet."

A MIXED-UP FAMILY.

A Man Whose Son Is His Brother-in-Law.

Here are the raw materials for a heartache. Dr. King, of Adelaide, a widower, married a Miss Norris. Shortly after the doctor's honeymoon, the doctor's son married a sister of the doctor's wife. Then a brother of the doctor's wife married the doctor's daughter. In other words, the doctor's son became his stepmother's brother-in-law, and the doctor's daughter became her stepmother's sister-in-law. The doctor, by the marriage of his son to the sister of the doctor's wife, became father-in-law to his sister-in-law, and the doctor's wife, by the marriage of her sister to her stepson, became stepmother-in-law to her own sister. By the marriage of the brother of the doctor's wife to the doctor's daughter the doctor became father-in-law to his brother-in-law, and the doctor's wife became stepmother-in-law to her own brother. What relations, asks Picaroon in Pall Mall Budget, are the children of the contracting parties to each other?

The Most Dreadful Earthquake.

The most dreadful earthquake on record is that which, November 1, 1775, destroyed the city of Lisbon, Portugal. The only warning the inhabitants received was a noise like subterranean thunder, which, without any considerable interval, was followed by a succession of shocks which laid in ruins almost every building in the city, with a most incredible slaughter of the inhabitants (60,000). The bed of the river Tagus was in many places raised to the surface, and vessels on the river suddenly found themselves aground. The waters of the river and the sea at first retreated, and then immediately rolled violently in upon the land, forming a wave over forty feet in elevation. To complete the destruction a large quay, upon which great numbers of the people had assembled for security, suddenly sank to such an unfathomable depth that not one body ever afterwards appeared at the surface.

Hand Grenades.

Take chloride of calcium, crude, 20 parts; common salt, 5 parts, and water, 75 parts. Mix and put in thin bottles. In case of fire, a bottle so thrown that it will break in or very near the fire will put it out. This mixture is better and cheaper than many of the high-priced grenades sold for the purpose of fire protection.

BLASTS FROM RAM'S HORN.

Sin feels safe as long as it can hide its head.

A fool has to find out for himself that fire is hot.

No fish gets away that bites at the devil's hook.

The devil's favorite pew in church is near the front.

We may kill God's man, but we can not kill his truth.

The man who deserves riches can be rich without them.

It is a waste of breath to talk any louder than we live.

The older the Christian, the newer he will find God's book.

No man is fit for heaven who wants somebody else kept out.

If you want to do something, find one who believes something.

It is better to be a mustard seed than a mountain of dead rock.

Our lives please God when they make sinners want to know Christ.

It never hurts God's work any for people to get mad at his truth.

An extravagant man loves to lecture his wife on the beauty of economy.

Miscellaneous.

Hostess—Won't you play something for us, Miss Keynote?

Gifted Amateur—Certainly, if it is your desire. What would you prefer?

Hostess—Oh, anything, only so it isn't loud enough to interfere with the conversation.

Uncomfortable Meals.

Mrs. Mugg—So you're not going to Mrs. Lugg's party?

Mrs. Pugg—No, I'm not. When supper comes, she always tells about a lot of nice things she intended to get, but couldn't.

As He Inferred It.

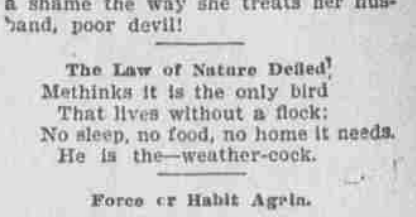
Gladys Heer—Mrs. Strongmynd was awful mad to-day on the street-cars; she sat down on that old muff of hers and—

Tom Bigbee (interrupting)—Yes; it's a shame the way she treats her husband, poor devil!

The Law of Nature Deeded!

Methinks it is the only bird That lives without a flock; No sleep, no food, no home it needs. He is the weather-cock.

Force or Habit Agains.



Mr. Gripp (an ex-car conductor)—Fare, please.

In the "Sweet Sunny South."

"Yes, sir, this here's the sunny south—you're right in the middle of it now."

"Fine weather, eh?"

"Best in the world, sir. Over yander's Snow mountain, down thar's Blizard valley, yander's Ice river, an' jest a little to the left is Skatin' bay. Kin I sell you a load of lightwood an' a pair of skates?"—Atlanta Constitution.

Flotsam and Jetsam.

"Do you go to church to hear the sermon or the music, Maud?" "I go for the hymns," said Maud.—Harper's Bazar.

He—How well Miss Elderberry carries her age! She—But then she has become so accustomed to it, you know.—Boston Transcript.

"And, papa, what did grandfather do for his country?" "Nothing whatever, my son. He was a member of congress!"—Atlanta Constitution.

She—Papa has been saying that you stay too long when you call on me. He—All right. I will not come so early after this.—Indianapolis Journal.

"My furnace," said the man who keeps house, "is out of sight." "So is mine," replied another; "out of anthracite."—Washington Star.

"Bevare of the vidders, Samvel," said old Weller. "Werry good, old man," returned Samuel. "I'll never have one if I can help it."—Harper's Bazar.

He—You may talk, but you would have been mad enough had I married anybody else. She—Yes; anybody I cared anything about.—Boston Transcript.

Mr. Newcome—What is the latest at the opera? Miss Wagner—For the last three nights it has been young Mrs. Felix in her latest Parisian gown.—New York Ledger.

"Can't you manage to get up something new to attract people here?" "I have it. We'll advertise that Tribby will not be among the living pictures."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

She—Why, this is only thirty-two inches, and you advertise it as a yard wide. Three feet make a yard. Gallant Salesman—Not such feet as yours lady.—Boston Transcript.

"There's a good deal that is swell about Cholly Cadkins," said one girl. "Yea," replied the other; "the only trouble is that most of it has gone to his head."—Washington Star.

Traveler (inquiring at famous castle)—Can I see the antiquities to-day? Servant—I am afraid not, sir. My lady and her daughter have gone to town.—Household Words.

"I saw De Castro, the magician, make a \$20 gold piece disappear in three minutes." "That's nothing. You ought to see my wife with a \$20 bill at a church bazaar."—Atlanta Constitution.

Selected Pleasantries.

Clara—I wonder if it is true that one is likely to catch something from being kissed?

Maud—Of course not. You've been kissed enough, but you haven't caught anything yet, have you?—New York Herald.

Windy—You don't seem to bother much about your failure in business. Broken Trader—I'm letting the fellows that I owe take a dose of a bother.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Shop Assistant—Really, madame, that white feather in your hat makes you look ten years younger. Old Maid—Is that so? Then give me another.—Tid-Bits.

Willie Dazzle—Weally, Miss Black, I dawnced so vigorously in that last waltz that my head feels dreadfully light. Miss B.—That's startling. I supposed that sensation was so common with you that you had long since ceased to be annoyed by it.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

"Yes," remarked Mrs. Malaprop, "it was a great sight. First came the king, carrying a sceptic in his hand and wearing a beautiful red mantle all trimmed with vermin. It was a grand sight."—Truth.

"In de case of de trusted employee," said Uncle Eben, "you kaint allus judge by appearances. But yoh is sometimes 'bliged ter form berry positive conclusions by disappearances."—Washington Star.

Ada (penitently)—I hope you'll invite me to the wedding when you get married. Jack (boldly)—I'll invite you the first one, and if you don't accept there won't be any wedding.—Life.